Subscription Bates.

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Camulatia & diceman.

JAS. C. MASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

' HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY. JUNE 10, 1892.

\$1.50 and postage per year in advance.

NUMBER 23.

He came to us when the last field of

wheat had fallen before the irrepressi-

ble advance of the reaping mackine,

and consequently at a time when fresh

hands were hardly wanted. His ap-

proach was leisurely and philosophical,

his manner as easy as the flow of his

conversation, his attire light and pletur-

esque. Diogones going through mod-

ern England could not have maintained

one tithe of the quiet semi-cynical self-

possession typified in the bronzed face

and humorous eyes that came down

the lane and shone over the garden

"The top of the mornin' to ye, sor,

Civility, as the proverb says, is a

cheap commodity. I returned the safu-

tation, the original purveyor thereof

mean while adopting an easy and gram-

ful attitude against the privet hedge

"The foliar wither for the harvest.

glory be to find, and it's me own hands

that is eneasy to be handlin forb or

rake wid the colleges legant there.

Maybe the masther has a job of wor-

ruk that he can give to a man lolke

He slanted his head over in the di-

rection of a field where half a dozen

rosy English lasses were engaged in

eaping the rakings of a thick crop of

wheat. The employment was easy and

congenial: I thought it would fit well

the disposition of the traveler. The

master came toward as at that mo-

"Ah! God be good to yer honor, so I

to indude: It's mosiff that has an illi-

gant hand at harvest woersk. And

ver honor'll give me a lob of worrak?

His honor wanted no more bands,

and said so abruptly, with certain

pointed remarks concerning the assur-

ince of people who go idle at the end

"Oh! papa! And it is not an hour

since you said you could do with

another man to take Job's place. Give

The poor man backed over the hedge,

mick to seize the exportunity. Miss

Mand, fresh and dulaty as one of her

own roses, blushed and started under

the frank adoration of those wicked

"You be good to ye, miss, but 'tis-

mly raison that a swate young thing

loike yerself should spake soft to a

poor min as is wanting weersk so lad-

. All nost, your honor'll give me

he worms that the young lady was

His house gave in beaten by the

touch of his daughter's little band and

the auducity of the bronzed features

"It's only a waste of money," he

said, when the travelor after a liberal meal-last wandered away to the

harvest field in scarcic of the much-de-

sired worred: "He'll do notiding

Certainly this one did not fall him-

elf with over-exertion. He performed

his task deliberately, if well. There

was a tendency about him to sit down

every few minutes. If he had an audi-

ence close at hand he betrayed a

further tendency to discourse on vari-

"Sure, now," he said, as I stood by

him among the corn, what time the

sun was doing its level best to burn us

all into rags, "tis moighty improvi-

dent this spending of yer stren'th in

the hot sunloight. It's aslape we

should be at this minit. Worruk in the

cool and slope in the hot-that's how

"Sure, yer honor knows that Co-

"You seem to have wandered a long

"Ah, thin, but what good would

"And you are making your for-

"Ah, sure, but I'm on the way to

that same. Ye should see me at my

own trade. Me hand a bit out at the

harvestin'. Did your honor iver hear

He dropped easily to a convenient

send amid the sheaves and prepared to

"discourse" at his leisure. I moved

away, not wishing to give him an ex-

cuse for idleness. Looking around ten

minutes afterward I four i that he had

not yet risen. He was probably medi-

tating over the story of Judy Mc-

The man from Colooney stayed on.

His sleeping chamber was in the hay-

loft: he washed at the rump, dispens-

ing in some mysterious fashion with

the aid of soap or towel. He founged

easily about the stackyard o' nights,

but always retired into the paddock to

smoke his pipe-a wise proceeding

which ingratiated him with the mas-

ter, who had no mind to see his stacks

burnt down. The women liked him,

as they always do like anything hand-

some and impudent. He fetched and

carried for them. One day I found

him laboring under a heavy wheelbar-

row load of manure, which he was tak-

ing from the fold to the flower garden.

He was actually sweating heavily and

"What does this mean?" I inquired.

"I thought you considered this sort of

The man from Colooney regarded me

with a humorous smile. His eyes

twinkled, and one of them closed itself

"Ah, thin, captain, dear, sure and what

can a poor boy looke mesulf do when

the sweetest voice in all the worruld

axes him to do a little at the gardenin'?

And it's yerself that knows what a

found that under Miss Maud's Instruc-

tions he had cleared a corner pre-

viously given over to waste and weeds

and was rapidly bringing it in to some-

thing like respectability. He worked

hard that day and earned a right to rest

and be thankful at night.
"Ye see, captain," he remarked, con-

fidertially, to me as I met him wash-

ing away the marks of toil at the pump,

'ye see, I'm that soft-hearted wid the

ladies. Divil a bit of me that doesn't

do me best to oblige thim when they

come to me with their murtherin' illi-

gant talk and ses: 'Michael, will ye do

this?' and 'Michael, will ye do that?'

Ah, it's mesilf that always was a favor-

Ite wid the ladies.""

I followed him into the garden and

swate voice that is, captain."

working hard without doubt.

thing improvident?"

for an instant.

I do and me not havin' seen the wur-

ruld? It's the traveled men that makes

looney is in Sligo. I am from Colooney

we do at Colooney."

way from home."

tell of Judy McCanu?"

mesilf.

fortin-

Lame

Cann

"And where is Colooney?"

These wandering Irishmen never do.

he poor man semething to do.

Hibernian syes.

before him:

"Here is a man who wants work."

hedge like a new sunburst.

and many av thimt"

that reparated us.

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C. J. MAYER. Treasurer of Cambria county. Treasurer's office, March 31, 1892.

#### THE BAFFLED PESSIMIST.

I sat me down to write a rhyme of gloom. All was no true for it: my temples throbbed, In semi-dariness was my cheerless room, And through the trees the sad breeze soughed and sobbed,

My heart was barning with a fancied woe; Digestion waited not on appetite. My spirits come in dull and sluggish flow; Naught was there in the world that pleased My pen itself would not put down the thought-

The pessimistic thought—that held my mind. Try as I would the funcy flew ancaught, Yet wrote I on, and when the rhyme complete I found myself a victim to defeat-I d written this a truly happy age!

I'd said that in this life were more of good Than wicked things; despite the heavy mist Of present trial, those who understood Life as it really is could not resist The true conclusion, tried and guaranteed, That we have many blessings; and no grief,

Has never been without some sweet relief. Afast that I, disciple true of gloom, Philosopher of woe, should e er confess That joy upon this earth hath any room, That mortals find here mucht of happiness And yet, though I seem fulthless to my creed In writing then that optimistic som

When even L its follower, go wrong

## UNDER A "DUMMY."

John Kendrick Banes, in Harper's Weekly

How a Detective Captured His First Thief.

I was the youngest detective on the force and was burning to distinguish myself.

So far chance had not favored me with a fi st-class murder or robbery, because the older and more experienced officers were always detailed to ferret out those

Sometimes, through the aid given them by wideawake newspaper reporters, these older foxes were successful, and then, of course, claimed and took all the credit for superior skill and shrewdness. If they failed-as they often did-to bag their game they laid the | relief, the smart remarks followed by foult to the nances for making the of. fair public, and thus giving the rogues an opportunity to slip away or cover up their tracks.

One day, while I was meditating if it catch Mr. Jack the Ripper, I was called into the inner sanctum by our chief and ordered to report for duty on 1 30 the morrow at one of the largest and most fashionable retail dry-goods 21 15 stores in the city. I was there to see the head of the

house and from him learned what I 151 was to do. Although it didn't look like a job

wherein I should run a risk of life or gain a great reputation. I was well pleased at the commission and re-24.54 solved that my part of it shouldn't be a failure. Accordingly the next morning found me in the private office of the grand store having a strictly con-3 50 | fidential interview with its senior part-I was informed that in their clonk

department many thefts had recently taken place, and that in spite of careful so is watching there was not the slightest clew to the thief. The garments stolen had been fur-

trimmed cloaks of high value, and were all taken from the dummies standing about the floor, on which said articles were hung to show them to advantage and also beautify the sales-

I asked the usual questions concerning the many and decidedly pretty young ladies employed in the department, but the firm scouted the thought that any of them had anything to do with the robberies and gave me to infer that the thefts were committed by proressional shoplifters.

After a little more talk, which helped me not at all, I was introduced to the 1 13 gentleman at the head of the cloak 2 86 | room and left to follow my own way of nubbing the culprit.

The theits had all, as far as my cloak nanager knew, been done during the usiest part of the day when the door was througed with lady shoppers. The handsomest and most expensive carments were displayed on the dumnies and frequently renewed each day, or, owing to their catching the ladies' eyes by hanging naturally from the shapely skeleton forms, they sold 239 much quicker than if left undistinguished among the hundreds of others. Taking my position in the establish-

ment as the new floor walker and being so pointed out to the young lady employes, I began my rather unexciting and too easy task. In my best suit and necktie, with my

good looks enhanced by a tonsorial artist, and all smiles and bows, I made 68 out to be tolerably busy at doing nothing, and meeting and greeting the stylishly-dressed crowds of eager shoppers and directing them, as well as my short knowledge of mercantile business let me, to the objects of which they were in search. I also put on airs of authority for the

benefit of the young salesladies so they wouldn't by their manners cause any suspicion to the party or parties I was expecting to capture. I watched every body and everything-

noticed that each cloak-arrayed dummy was generally being examined by one or more admiring and enthusiastic female shoppers, who not only used their sparkling eyes, but also their daintily-gloved fingers in obtaining a knowledge of the garment displayed as a bait for their husband's hard-earned money.

I noticed, too, that probably half of the shoppers came there without the faintest idea of buying-merely to enjoy the intoxication of hunting for bargains and giving the polite and at-3 04 tentive salesladies as much trouble as I saw many more things which

aroused my suspicions and curiosity during the day, and I never for a moment left my station-not even for lunch-till the place was closed for the night and all the hands had gone. Then, to my surprise and chagrin, I was informed by the manager that

two valuable cloaks had been stolen right under my nose. The job of catching the thici wasn't as easy as I supposed, and I began to think I wasn't much of a detective, after all-at least when there was a

woman in the case. But I dared not show any signs of not knowing my business, and assuming an "all-right" manner, I told my cloak man that on the next day the bird would be trapped, as it always took a while to make observations and

#### meet him on the floor early in the coming morning before any of the em-

ployes arrived. Before I went to sleep that night I lain my plans. In the morning bright and early I was around and with the manager

alone went on the cloak floor to make

the needful preparations to distinguish or extinguish myself. Selecting one of the largest dummies and seeing that the brown muslin dress over its skeleton frame was in good order and reached to the floor, I told my astonished dry goods man that I intended to hide under it and there lie in wait for the thief, who I meant to nab when the cloak over me was removed, being, of course, able to know that by the light of the salesroom shining through the thin muslin cover-

He smiled at the queerness of the proceeding, but told me to go ahead and promised to be on hand in case I wanted assistance.

Putting on the dummy an elegant cloak for balt, he helped me to hide securely under it, and, wishing me success, he left me with a laugh which, I must say, I didn't feel like echoing.

Soon I heard the store people tramping in and the young sale ladies tripping by me and chatting gayly as they laid aside their wraps and hats preparatory to commencing the labors of the day.

They seemed immensely merry over something very funny, and their peals of musical laughter sounded sweet to my eager ears until, alas, I sadly discovered that I, the new floor-walker, was the subject of their witticisms and ridicule

How I wanted to suddenly pop out from my ignoble hiding place and squelch them as they deserved, but the certainty of only making myself more ridiculous and being met with redoubled laughter kept me in my mean and unhappy position - under a female

By and by, and greatly to my mind's peals of merriment gave way to the For hours I sat in my cramped and

uncomfortable hiding place, feeling like a fool, and, no doubt, looking like wouldn't pay me to go to England and one. Crazily excited shoppers brushed against the dummy, beneath which a bigger dummy squatted, and several times nearly knocked it over, so I had plenty of occupation in holding it down. Once the cold swent came out all over me and my hair stood up straight when some one tried to lift my strange tent from the floor and expose the "hardsome new floorwalker," squatting like a tailor and looking like a boiled lobster under it.

You may believe I held on with a grip which death itself couldn't unclasp till the danger was gone. Noon time came. Hungry, thirsty, tired and with bones aching from cramp, there I was and there I had to

stick till night or my anxiously hoped

for shop-lifter came-if that was her I heard the clock strike "two" and "three," and "four," and in spite of patience and grit, and pride, and everything, I swore at myself and laughed at myself, and vowed to myself that never more would I undertake to be smarter than a woman. Henceforth I should confine my detective abilities exclusively to male "Jack the Rippers" or bank eashiers, or else peddle pea-

nuts for a living. While thus engaged in sorrowful meditations and trying painfully to ease my cramped body without exciting attention, I was aroused by someone tugging at the cloak, and lifting the dummy's skirt I could just see a pair of dainty feet. Then, in an instant, off the cloak slipped-the dim light shining through the dummy's muslin covering telling me-and like a flash I grabbed the ankles of the pretty feet I was watching, sprang from my hiding hole and-of all the shricks and blushes and indignation I ever knew, those from the elegantly dressed and exquisitely beautiful young lady I had so ungaliantly and meanly cap-

tured took the prize. At once I was the center of a panicstricken and terribly angry mob of females who wanted to kill me and toss what was left of my miserable carcass out of the window. And if the big department manager had not promptly rescued me from their clutches after my coat tails had been ripped off and my side whiskers badly damaged they'd have done it.

During the battle, and, careless of my injuries, I kept tight hold of my fair prisoner—only instead of grasping her pretty ankles I shifted to her equally pretty wrists.

Her sweet, innocent and beautiful indignation seemed so real that I feared an awful mistake had been made and began to figure how many years' salary I should have to pay for dam-But when she was searched, with due apologies for the apparent necessity, the amount of pawn tickets for cloaks found in her stocking-by the female searcher, of course-saved my bacon and put me in the papers as one of the most skillful detectives on record.

But no more dummies for me. - H. C. Dodge, in Detroit Free Press.

#### FACTS ABOUT THE U. S.

UNCLE SAM has 73,045 paupers. It is estimated that at least \$50,000 .-000 of the government's paper money has been lost or destroyed.

Dr. Cynts Ensox, of New York, in his article entitled "Do We Eat Too Fast?" publishes figures setting forth that the wealth of the United States increased from \$16,159,000,000 to over \$30,-000,000,000 in the decade in which the civil war occurred. THE seven wonders of America are

classed as follows: Niagara falls, Yellowstone park. Mammoth cave, the canyons and garden of the gods, Colorado; the giant trees, California; the natural bridge, Virginia, and the Yosemite valley.

He Invited the Retort. Attorney Wantling-What did your father say when he saw my picture in your watch? Miss Worth-That it was the only case you had ever appeared in. - Jewelers' Weekly.

-Frank-"D'you know, I heard the other day that the blocks from which they print those five-hundred-dollar bills in America take nearly a year to engrave." Ella-"Oh, really! I supform theories, and then I arranged to pose that's why they're so expensive."

The large and reliable circulation of the Can-

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A MAN FROM COLOONEY. The man from Colooney was pechaps not far out in his assertion. There seemed to be a movement in his favor The Amusing Vag bond Who among the females, from the inlitreas Proved Himself a Hero.

> upon it with tens English Higgs. "Recause the man's impudently goodlooking and picture-que you raccabout. him. Lazy follows, all his sort. Who ever now film run or get out of his lazy.

to the milkmaid. The master fooled

"Howe," said Miss Maud. "He worked like a horse when I brought him in-

I yestered to blut, notto voce, that anything would brighten up under the "That's topible, and it isn't true. The

men from Colomey," said the young In ly," is a good norker if y monly man-Clue member a bullatales prese in the vicinity of the stables. The master, Miss Mand and myself were close by inspecting the young lady's ponies, and we burried up. A stable how and lost five skillings from blaceat as H. hong in the stables, and was loudly lamention the fact. The men standing around looked emploisus. The sonn from Columns slept next to the stable. The

bernian, mave voice to the public senti-"Jim thinks the Irishmen has taken

for man, distrustful of anything His

The man from Colooney was close by and heard it. A flush of crimson shot straight to his bronse check and he took a imif-step forward. Miss Mand's clear volce stopped lifer.

"What a shape! How dare you say such a thing? He would no more take It than I should The man from Colooney held his head

high. Semelage we lorget his rage as we looked at him. "God bless you, miss," said the man from Colomey. "Thunk you!

Nevertheless the Englishman looked askance at him. The man from Colooney went solitary for a less lays: The last day of ingvest came. We all went forth to see the just leads postes affeld two victors, little beater.

that, ought to have had a Hercules to hold them. She drove on before us. with a consident obs. The cupster, unxious, shook his head. He did not like the posites, but he was as wax inhis dangertor's hands.

The man from Colooney was in His element that day. He taltred and laughed with the women, his corndent good leaner bubbling up like fine champagne. He worked, too, with the best of them making lorat of toil at which he usually would have looked

"Till be going on my way to night." said be, as I stopped by him once that afternoon. "It's pinin for new adven-Maybe I'll go a long way off."

Toward dook the last bast was filled and dispatcing howevery, and cheers, Miss Minut and her y miss borded the wagens round by the round the rest of as sought a short out incount the wood, no as to reach bone in time to welcome ing through the wood, the man from Colooney burst into song-tender and Irish. The women husbed their elat-ter and listened, the bundles of gleaning on their heads swaying harmo-

mionsly with the time: A startling sound came upon us as we struck the lane-the sound of horses' feet dushing along the hard ground in uncontrollable flight. The lane ran down hill there, terminating at the foot by an old lime quarry a hundred feet neep. We paged up the hill to the turn, the noise coming nearer and nearer. The man from Colooney had ceased his song and stood watch-

"Mand's powles!" said the master, and clinesed his teeth hard.

They came round the corner like a whirlwind, gulloping together like the demons they were, their mistress holding to the phaeton, but helpless. I thought of the lime quarry thirty yards away, and turned sick. The womon screamed and fainted; the men stored at the coming whirlwind and grouned. What could stop them in so short a distance?

"Stand clear!" The man from Colooney's voice rang out sharp and strong. He bad gone a step or two to ment the ponies as he spoke, and stood there, fair and square, turning up his ragged

shirt sleeves Crash! The man from Colooney went down before that awful rush; but his hands grasped the bridles. Up, and down again, the blood flowing from his face, and again up, and again down, but still hanging on to the mad beasts until they paused, trembling and wild, on the very edge of the quarry.

"My poor iellow!" The master bent over the man from Colooney as he lay on the bank, panting and ghastly, crushed to death. He turned his face half-round and smiled feebly.

""Tis young miss he wants," said a Miss Mand was at his side instantly.

She laid her hand on his damp forehead and then, with a womanly impulse, bent forward and hissed him. I think that kiss was his passport for the long journey he had spoken of, for when the girl raised her face the man from Colooney was dead.-English Magazine.

THE WORLD'S FOUR CORNERS.

ARABS never eat fish. The tallest and shortest people in Europe, the Norwegians and the Laps, live side by side.

Tim Egyptian fellah is apparently the worst taxed man in the weeld Even on the palm tree, which gives

a year. Tire natives of Costa Rica not only believe in the mermalils, but pretend to have seen them comb their sen green hair and try the effect of their coquetry

on unwary fisherboys. The people of Rome get their supply of water, which is said to be remarkably pure, from the Appenrines through an ancient aquesinet that was con-

structed by their forefathers. The Foot of an Empress.

Eugenie's small and elegant foot, once the admiration of the Prench court, has now, it is said, become swollen out of shape by gout and rheumatism. This foot, in the days of its fame, was so Cinderella-like in its timness that its discarded shoes could be worn only by children, for there was no woman in all Eugenie's train whose foot was small enough to fit them.